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*Patrick in Prussia,*

O R,

LOVE in a CAMP;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL SONGS;

As performed at the Theatres Royal

*Covent-Garden, and Smock-Alley:*

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE

POOR SOLDIER,

WRITTEN BY

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

Author of the

SON-IN-LAW, AGREEABLE SURPRISE, DEAD-ALIVE,  
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA, YOUNG QUAKER, POOR  
SOLDIER, PEEPING TOM, &c.

From the Author's original Manuscript.

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D U B L I N.

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M.DCC.LXXXVI.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

|                            |       |       |                |
|----------------------------|-------|-------|----------------|
| <i>Darby,</i>              | _____ | _____ | Mr. Ryder.     |
| <i>Father Luke,</i>        | _____ | _____ | Mr. Owenston.  |
| <i>Quiz,</i>               | _____ | _____ | Mr. Moss.      |
| <i>Olmutz,</i>             | _____ | _____ | Mr. Glenville. |
| <i>Marshal Fehrbellin,</i> | _____ | _____ | Mr. Hamerton.  |
| <i>Rupert,</i>             | _____ | _____ | Mr. Remington. |
| <i>Greenbergh,</i>         | _____ | _____ | Mr. Barret.    |
| <i>Adjutant</i>            | _____ | _____ | Mr. King.      |

*Drummers,* Messrs. Lynch and Smith.

|                         |       |           |
|-------------------------|-------|-----------|
| <i>Captain Patrick,</i> | _____ | Mr. Wood. |
|-------------------------|-------|-----------|

### W O M E N.

|                       |       |       |                 |
|-----------------------|-------|-------|-----------------|
| <i>Flora,</i>         | _____ | _____ | Mrs. Hannam.    |
| <i>Mabel Flourish</i> | _____ | _____ | Mrs. O'Neill.   |
| <i>Norah,</i>         | _____ | _____ | Miss Hitchcock. |

# Patrick in Prussia;

O R,

## LOVE IN A CAMP.

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### A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Camp at Silesia—Tents, Soldiers  
cleaning their Arms, &c.*

*SONG and CHORUS by SOLDIERS.*

**S**O chearful and happy we boys of the blade,  
Prepare all to meet on the shining parade;  
Then rub,  
Then scrub,  
Your musquets, your belts, and your bayonets bright;  
We'll rub,  
We'll scrub,  
Our musquets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.

In spatterdash white, as he throws up his leg,  
Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg;  
The Ladies admiring,  
Our charging and firing,  
Our standing and kneeling,  
To right and left wheeling.

A smile from a woman's a soldiers delight,  
They love as we love 'em, and for 'em we fight;  
We'll jovially sing,  
Drink a health to our King,  
And make the Camp ring, &c.

*[Exeunt soldiers.]*

B

*Enter*

*Enter* PATRICK.

Well, here I am near the camp of Silesia—I suppose I shall easily find out Marshal Fehrbellin's tent—if I could meet my old friend Darby—he should conduct me to it—but let's see—what says Darby's letter—ay here's his scrawl. [*Takes out a letter and reads.*

“MY DEAR PATRICK,

“I have left Ireland, and by your example have  
“took up arms, and like the king I serve, with a firm  
“resolution to slay both man, woman and child—I am  
“in high favour with our officers—am a gentleman  
“soldier, and in the high road to preferment—from  
“your loving Friend 'till death,

*Camp in Silesia.*

“DARBY.”

Hey, who have we here? some poor devil going to be flog'd.

*Drum beats, Fife plays.*

*Enter Adjutant, two Drummers with whips—Darby between two Soldiers.—Soldiers as Guards.*

DAR. Oh dear good Mr. Adjutant, and you my good little drummers—my dear friends, pot-companions, brother comrades and brother soldiers—now how can you have the heart to flog poor Darby?

PAT. Poor Darby—and is this thy preferment? [*aside* pray Sir—how came this poor fellow in such disgrace?

ADJ. A poor harmless devil Sir—but sometimes a little prone to mischief—but for his arch tricks such a favourite with our officers, that tho' he frequently deserves punishment, yet he generally gets forgiven—and now Sir, we give him this whipping as private as possible out of pure lenity—I have myself a very great friendship for poor Darby—so strip you dog.

DAR. Lord Sir, I never strip but when I go to bed.—What are you about there Tommy Tickleback?

TOM. Only tying knots.

[*Tying the last of his whip.*

DAR. Tying knots—now that's very childish of you. And pray what are you about Neddy Nimblewrist?

NED.

NED. Twisting whiplcord and wire—to give you a red waistcoat.

DAR. Whiplcord and wire. Oh dear—well if I must be whipl'd—if I don't like it you shall leave off.

PAT. Pray Sir, what's his crime?

ADJ. Only suspicion of drunkenness, and sleeping on his post.

DAR. Yes, sleeping on my post—but I never dreamt that I should be flog'd for it.

PAT. Who is your Captain?

ADJ. At present Sir we have no Captain, he that was our Captain was preferr'd prior to the review, and our new one is not arrived yet from Berlin.

PAT. Yes, Sir, but he is arrived, and honor'd with his Majesty's commission. I am he.

DAR. Captain Pat—Patty—yes it is, did I not say I should see Captain Patty?

PAT. Adjutant—I think this business may be deferr'd.

ADJ. Why Sir, we had not the honor to know of your arrival—and Sir, to oblige you, we'll postpone his punishment.

CAP. By all means.

DAR. By all means—Postpone, ay and pardon it too—the devil a bit of hurt will it do to any body.

ADJ. Release him.

DAR. Ay release me—don't you hear my dear friends—pot-companions, brother messmates, and brother soldiers, Neddy Nimblewrist, and Tommy Tickleback—I am not for the red waistcoat—so you may go and find another mouse for your cat-o-nine tails. Get out, get along. Ah, ha! [*Exeunt soldiers and drummers.*]

ADJ. And if you please Sir, I'll go and inform the Marshal of your arrival—Sir you are welcome to our corps—I am very glad to see you. [*Exit.*]

DAR. Yes, Sir, I am very glad to see you—but my dear Pat, how you came like my good guardian angel to save me?—let me see—arn't you an angel? [*Looking round with pleasure and taking hold of his hand.*]

PAT. But how is all this Darby?—you ingenious rogue you, how did you bring all this about?—I left you at the plow tail in Ireland—and here I find you at the whipping post in Silesia?

DAR.

## 6 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

DAR. Ay, 'twas you that did it—for when Captain Fitzroy made you a present of the colours, it set me all agog for a General's staff—and when that Jade Kathleen jilted me.

PAT. Away went carts and waggon—plows and flails.

DAR. Ay, and because I could not do as I would, while I was worth a farthing, sold off all—and up to Dublin I came, mounted on a long tail'd dobin—and to be sure I did not do things neatly—did not trim myself out in a smart suit of clothes and shew them the soul of an Irish lad—but hearing that there were some pretty boys of the Shamrock in London, I thought I'd see that too; I don't know how it was, but in taking leave of this body and that body, I muddled a little, and the blundering waterman, instead of putting me into a Parkgate Packet—launched me on board a ship bound for the Baltic—and I never discover'd the mistake 'till I found myself landed at Dantzick: but how came you to sell your English commission and turn Prussian soldier?

PAT. Why at present my country does not want my services, and I thought if it should want them, that they would not prove less deserving of George by being for the present under the tuition of so regular a disciplined a master as Frederick.—The Prussian arms were ever fam'd for regularity—pray how comes it they have made you so irregular?

DAR. Irregular—the most regular—as regular to my two half Gallons every day, as I was to Dermot's brown jug.—But Patty, tho' you are my Captain, you and I may crack a joke now and then—the devil a harm will it do our strict Prussian discipline, for you and I, when we are snug, to talk over our merry meetings with our singing pot-companions, Dermot and Father Luke, at the Shoulder of Mutton.—Oh your honour [*seeing Olmutz.*] likes a shoulder of mutton—

*Enter OLMUTZ.*

I shall give orders to the Sutler to dress you a nice one.

OLM. Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments—glad—hear of your arrival—expect you at camp—half an hour.

PAT.

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA:

7

PAT. Give my respectful compliments, and I'll do myself the pleasure to wait on him.

OLM. Tell him so.

[Exit.

PAT. Tall fellow—but of very few words.

DAR. Very few, but he found enough to inform against me—but if I am not even with him for it, there are no Potatoes in Munster.

PAT. Eh, Darby—yonder's a fine lovely girl passing along there—do you know her?

DAR. Oh yes, she is a very fine girl—but we have flocks of such in Prussia———Lord Sir, if you'll come along with me I'll introduce you a-la-militaire. [Darby going first, recollects himself, bows and follows.

PAT. By all means Darby.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Front Grove.*

*Enter FLORA. Basket of Fruit on her Arm.*

S O N G.

The tuneful birds, how sweet they sing,  
How gay the dainty flow'rets spring,  
How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,  
As chaunting in the flow'ry dale;  
'Tis love that wafts her blithe along,  
That paints the flowers and tunes her song.

FLO. Now to count my money—let me see—I sold my pippins for two pence—my Strawberries for sixpence—my peaches for ten pence, and my roses for four pence: And now to tie it up in the corner of my handkerchief lest any rude fellow should insult me.

*During this speech enter PAT. and DARBY.*

PAT. There she is Darby.

DAR. Oh, yes, there she is, and she's yours—I know her—her name's Flora, she sells apples and flowers—and collyflowers.

PAT. And she's the sweetest flower in her own garden.——My lovely girl.—

B 3

FLO.

8 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

FLO. Did you call me Sir?

PAT. Yes my pretty-dear.

S O N G.

Dans votre lit that bright partere,  
Shou'd Flora bloom a lilly fair;  
A smiling jonquil I cou'd be,  
To blow sweet flow'r beside of thee.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,  
You droop to hide the rose's blush;  
The leafy umbrage make of me,  
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the grove,  
Throws smiles and odours all around;  
Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful bee,  
And honey sip, from none but thee.

DAR. Pray my dear an't you a Whatecallum Girl—  
and don't you live in—Thingumy village?

FLO. Well, suppose I am a Whatecallum girl, and  
do live at Thingumy village, what then?

DAR. What then—oh nothing at all—only—that's  
Pat—and his honor would be glad to see you in his  
honor's tent, to take a glass of wine with his honor.

FLO. Honor, and honor—I drink wine with his  
honor! The fellows a fool, I think.

PAT. So he is my pretty dear—but my sweet rose-  
bud, there's no harm, I hope, in taking a glass of wine,  
my pretty Pomona.

T R I O.

CAP. My angel little girl,  
With me a moment stop;

FLO. Do stop me at your peril!

DAR. Your tent, and then a drop.

FLO. Nay Sir, nay Sir,

CAP. Why so cold my charmer?

DAR. Brilliant Burgundy shall warm her.

CAP. and DAR. My cherry, my plumb,  
In finger and thumb; You

CAP. You shall fold the waste,  
Of my blushing glass,  
My sweet rosy lass,  
While the nectar lip you taste,  
Such joy will I sip,  
From your ripe balmy lip,  
Your charms thus I'll clasp,

DAR. Thus the bott'e I'll grasp.

FLO. How can you serve me so?

DAR. Then up my dear you go,  
Do let his honor buss,

CAP. My sweet a moment stay,

FLO. How dare you use me thus,  
How dare you use me thus,  
Upon the King's highway?

DAR. A turnpike man am I,  
To take Cupid's toll.  
A kiss.

FLO. I will pass by,

DAR. You can't upon my soul.

CAP. Lovely sylvan beauty!

FLO. What shall I do? oh! lack.

DAR. Sweet, pay here the duty,

FLO. With a hearty hearty smack.

DAR. Pies on your fist my beauty,  
O'd dang it, 'twas a whack.

FLO. Your chaps may take the duty  
Of such a dousing smack,  
Your cheeks have had a hearty smack.

DAR. Oh, how sweet she would smack.

PAT. Do you think so Darby? *[Ironically.]*

DAR. Oh—yes Sir—she's yours Sir, I'll get her for you.

PAT. Have a care Darby, are you sure I shan't be  
guilty of seduction—I would not for a transient plea-  
sure bring lasting ruin upon a poor innocent girl.

DAR. Ruin! Oh, pray what have you done with  
Norah?

PAT. Norah, I have left her to the care of Father  
Luke.

DAR. What, old two to one, that brings mutton to  
his mouth by means of the multiplication table. PAT.

10 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

PAT. But Darby—where can I find apartments—where can I put on my shoes?

DAR. We all wear boots in the camp—we shoe none but the horses.——But you shall lodge for the present at Mabel Flourishes, where the officers mess—I'll order your baggage there, and so be sure to-morrow I won't fit you up the smartest booth in the camp—so come along—Pat—come along Patty—oh dear—this way Captain—Captain Patty. [Exit Darby.]

PAT. Very well Mr. Darby, you seem very accommodating truly—and indeed if the girls are so handsome, and come much in my way, I shall stand in need of all my constancy.

S O N G.

Away ye giddy smiling throng,  
Of tempting beauties fair and young,  
My heart be true, altho' my tongue,  
Shou'd sing of lovely Flora;  
Or shou'd I gaze with fond desire,  
Shou'd breath of roses fan the fire;  
And tho' I on a touch expire,  
My soul is thine sweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,  
My constant soul must ever bind,  
To that dear woman left behind,  
My kind, my tender Norah;  
But, Oh! I fear each mortal part,  
Nay e'en this true this faithful heart,  
Resistless to the Urchin's dart,  
Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illusive vapour, transient blaze,  
Oh! vanish, while I wand'ring gaze,  
But shine like Dian's silver rays,  
My passion chaste for Norah;  
Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,  
And passion ev'ry sense beguiles,  
And Cupid with his thousand wiles,  
Assist my charming Flora.

[Exit Pat.]  
SCENE

SCENE *Outside of MABEL FLOURISHES.*

*Wrote over the Door — The Officers Mess-House, by  
MABEL FLOURISH.*

*Enter DARBY.*

DAR. I am strangely puzzl'd how to get this this girl  
for Pat—she's so very modest. Mabel. *[Calls.*

*Enter PAT.*

PAT. Where are these apartments, where's Mabels?

DAR. Here your your honour—Mabel—Mabel.

*Enter MABEL from the Door flat.*

Here's a new guest for you, so clean up your house, rub up the mahogany table—turn the counterpane—lay down the great carpet—get the trumpeter's great chair uncover'd—wash ball and slippers—throw some sand upon the stairs, and kick the cat out of the way. *[Exit Captain Patrick with Mabel.*

DAR. Devilish lucky Pat's coming—let me see—I'll employ Olmutz to get Flora—'twill draw him into a scrape, and I shall be revenged on him for his attempt to get me tied to the halberts—and if he wants to excuse himself—it will be by half sentences, so that nobody will believe him. Eh, here he comes, and little Quiz with him—that fellow always keeps company with great people—how high he carries his head with his hairy cap. When he comes in at a door he's obliged to duck like a gander under a gate—drinks by half gallons out of rummer glasses; eats with his broad sword and picks his teeth with a bayonet.

*Enter OLMUTZ and QUIZ.*

QUIZ *dress'd in an old red Waistcoat and a Fur Cap.*

QUIZ. I say Darby was shot from the mouth of a cannon.

DAR.

12      PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

DAR. Your cannon's a great gun.

OLM. No, no, I say he was only whip'd.

DAR. No, nor he was not whip'd.

QUIZ. I say when I am a trooper——

DAR. Ay; when shrimps are lobsters.

QUIZ. Shrimps and lobsters—I say spirit does not consist in size—The sword fish is not a whale—you shall see if Marshal Fehrbellin will refuse me a place in the grenadier corps.

DAR. Well we shall soon see, for here he comes.

QUIZ. Does he? the first impression's a great deal—I'll go and accoutre myself, and appear before him a-la-militaire. [Exit Quiz.]

DAR. Oh Quiz is gone—he could not stay to speak to his Highness——so Mabel shall—for Olmutz. I want to talk to you—soldiers you know should not bear malice—Your hand——I'll make your fortune—Mabel.

*Enter MABEL from Flat.*

His Highness is coming to see your lodger—Mabel do you receive him. [Retires with Olmutz.]

*Enter MARSHAL.*

MAR. Where's the new officer, Captain Patrick?

MAB. He is but just taking off his beard—shall I call him to your Highness?

MAR. No, I won't have him disturb'd—I'll send my Aid-de-Camp to him—A good fine sized woman—the proportion of our men has been, for some time diminishing—now to match her with that tall fellow would produce soldiers equal to the full standard.——Are you married?

MAB. No, and please your Highness, I am a maid at your service.

MAR. What's your name?

MAB. Mabel Flourish, and please your Highness—my father was trumpeter Flourish.

MAR. Yes, they'll do very well——Soldier.

OLM.

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA. 13

OLM. Here.

[Comes down,

MAR. Are you married?

OLM. No, Highness.

MAR. Can you read. [Marshal takes out his pocket book and writes upon a loose leaf.

OLM. Can't say, never tried.

MAR. Yes, they'll make an excellent match—I'll give orders to Captain Patrick to see the ceremony performed—it will be an excellent lesson to him of the strictness of our military discipline.—Here, deliver that to Captain Patrick—yes they'll be a very pretty couple.

[Exit.

MAR. His Highness was always very proud—I never heard him talk so sweet and condescending before. [Bell rings.] Coming coming.

[Exit into house.

OLM. What devil's this?

[Looking at the paper.

DAR. What's the matter Olmutz?

OLM. Marshal, desire me give this paper—Captain Patrick.

DAR. That paper—what is it?

OLM. Don't know—can't read.

DAR. Let me see—" Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments to Capt. Patrick—desires he will at sight of this, see the bearer married to Mabel Flourish with all dispatch, and as a portion—he will give her 50 rix dollars from the military chest."—Indeed—tut Olmutz shall never touch the dollars—Olmutz, you had better go about that business—I was telling you of.

OLM. What, and leave Marshal's paper—may be of consequence—let's hear what about.

DAR. Oh you want to know what its about—oh you shall hear what its about—you can't read you say.

OLM. No.

DAR. " Marshal Fehrbellin's compliments to Capt. Patrick, desires he will, at sight of this, see the bearer ride the great horse for one hour, with five carbines tied to each leg."

OLM. Me! what have I done? wooden horse—five carbines!

DAR. Poor fellow—what a fine tall figure to ride the high horse—oh your poor legs.

OLM,

14 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

OLM. For what—what have I done?

DAR. Poor devil—such legs to suffer so—what did he say to you?

OLM. Ask'd if I could read.

DAR. And I suppose you told him no.

OLM. No—didn't—said—never tried.

DAR. Never tried! ay that's done it.

OLM. Here comes Quiz strutting, so merry—I obliged to ride great horse!

DAR. I'll have a good joke [*aside*]—Olmutz this paper don't mention your name—it only says the bearer—suppose we give it to Quiz to carry.

OLM. The very thing—Captain make him ride the great horse.

DAR. So he will—get a wafer—for Quiz can read you know—and that would spoil the joke.—This is fine—come Olmutz, there— [Seals it.

*Enter Quiz Strutting.*

QUIZ. To be sure I shall cut a very foolish bit of a figure at the grand review.

DAR. Ay Quiz, better perhaps than you think, for I don't know how it comes about, but the Marshal on my speaking a good word for you, has made your fortune—under this wafer lies your preferment.

OLM. Yes, he'll soon be exalted. [*Stifles a laugh.*

QUIZ. Ay, great merit can't long lay hid—but what is under that wafer?

DAR. A letter the Marshal desired you would give to Captain Patrick—I told him you was a great man.

QUIZ. So I am—a high fellow. [*Strutting.*

DAR. So I said—six feet and an inch high cap and all.

OLM. Yes, and he'll be highly mounted—a trooper.

QUIZ. Ay Sir, little as you may think me, I may look down to-morrow on people taller than myself—I may by the god of war.

OLM. Yes, he'll look down Darby—perhaps to-day. [*Aside to Darby.*

DAR. You'll give the letter.

[*Exit Darby and Olmutz.*

QUIZ.

QUIZ. Do you think I'd neglect the Marshal's commands—I will give it by the god of war.

*Enter PATRICK from House.*

PAT. Hey day, what sort of a figure have we here?

QUIZ. I am order'd by Marshal Fehrbellin to deliver this billet.

PAT. [*Reads*] "Bearer—married—Mabel Flourish." A strange command this—but I suppose his Highness wants to replenish his race of drummers.——Where, where is this Mabel?

*Enter MABEL from House.*

MAB. Here your honor—your honor left the key in your great trunk.

PAT. Well, I suppose you are both determined.

QUIZ. Yes, by the god of war—honor's my mistress and for her I'll die.

PAT. Well then, I'll send for a chaplain, and you shall both be married directly.

MAB. Married!

PAT. Yes, I am ordered by the Marshal to see you both married.

MAB. I married to such a shrimp of a man—what does the Marshal mean?

QUIZ. Yes, Darby has done my business for me.

PAT. What's your name?

QUIZ. Quiz Oddbody.

PAT. Then Mrs. Oddbody I give you joy—and as a portion, his Highness has order'd you 50 rix dollars out of the military chest. [*Exit into house.*]

MAB. Fifty rix dollars! Oh that alters the case—that's quite another thing.

QUIZ. I had no thought of marrying, but this is such a prodigious great match—that I shall be proud to be Man of the House. [*Kisses her ridiculously.*]

MAB. Well, I shall have the finest booth in the Camp, and so let's to the Chapel.

QUIZ. Chapel! No we will be married in a Cathedral—we will by the god of war—And then for the—grand review.

16 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

S O N G.

Quiz. All fierce and military,  
 Cross buff-belt and regimental new,  
 With high cap rough and hairy  
 At our grand review:  
 With spur and boot,  
 Adorn the foot,  
 To grace the field, while pateraroes shoot  
 Fire and smoke,  
 All a joke,  
 Bullets whiz,  
 Bully Quiz  
 Erect as a sturdy oak.

On my charger prancing,  
 Rat tat tat his hoofs shall beat the ground;  
 Great glove and broad sword glancing,  
 Salute the ladies round:  
 In the grand pas rear,  
 Up the pavement tear,  
 Like a Noble Col'nel at my men I swear,  
 Hey, they fight,  
 To the right,  
 Keep the rank,  
 Guard the flank,  
 Zounds I'll soon be a brigadier

*[Leads her off.]*

S C E N E *The Outside of a Cottage.*

*Enter DARBY, OLMUTZ and Soldiers.*

DAR. Softly, softly, our Captain shall get her my boy—this is the place to watch for her—for that's her father's, the old soldier's—the, it seems, her head runs of one Rupert.

OLM. Can't help laughing, to think little Quiz is now riding the big horse.

DAR.

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA. 17

DAR. Hush—hush—here she comes.—

*Enter FLORA from the House, crosses the Stage and exits.*

Now Olmutz, there she goes amongst the bushes—  
make haste.

OLM. Won't you go?

DAR. My dear Olmutz, you shall have the glory of  
the action all yourself—I would not rob you of a single  
lash you rascal. *[Exit Olmutz and soldiers.]*

*Enter MARSHAL and PAT.*

MAR. I am glad you are come, Sir, for we are to  
have a grand review to morrow—the Emperor seems  
prepared for hostile measures, therefore our wise and  
vigilant master, thinks it necessary to be prepared for  
to oppose them.

FLO. *[Without.]* Oh dear—where is Rupert to  
protect me?

MAR. Who's that running after a girl?—call  
him here, call the rascal back.

DAR. Yes, your honor—Here Olmutz—come back  
his Highness want's you. Why don't you come back  
you rascal—he's a very bad fellow, he would run after  
the girl, notwithstanding all I said to him.

*Enter OLMUTZ.*

MAR. What have you been about? come here you  
rascal.

DAR. Ay, what have you been about?—come here  
you rascal.

OLM. Please Highness—corporal thought no harm  
to get pretty girl for officer—got her off tho'.

*[Aside to Darby.]*

MAR. What officer, rascal?

OLM. New-Captain, Highness.

PAT. Me firrah!

MAR. I thought Sir, I had found you different em-  
ployment.

18 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

OLM. Highness—very hard—order man to ride great horse, 'cause he can't read.

MAR. Great horse—I thought her a comely personable woman—But Sir, to you I must say, that I am sorry an officer should be guilty of such an act of dishonour—whose duty it is to protect—not to distress the fair.

PAT. Sir, give me leave.——

MAR. No Sir, for the present I suspend your commission; when his Majesty arrives he may use his pleasure.

DAR. So then, Olmutz won't be punished after all.

MAR. What Sir, arn't you married? [To Olmutz.

OLM. Not I, Highness.

DAR. Here, your Highness, comes a pretty couple that are married.

*Enter QUIZ and MABEL.*

QUIZ By the god of war, your Highness, I am come to thank you for all favours.

MAB. I thank your Highness for my husband and great fortune.

QUIZ. Yes, your Highness, but mine's the biggest.

MAB. What is all this?

PAT. Your Highness desired me to see the wedding—I have it from under your own hand—and there you are obey'd—behold your well match'd couple.

QUIZ. Yes, we're a pretty couple, by the god of war.

MAR. Be gone Sir.

[Exit Quiz and Mabel.

OLM. So, this is great horse, rascal?

[To Darby, Exit.

DAR. I think I had best take off too—or I may chance to run against a whipping post.

[Retires up the stage.

MAR. Well Sir, you are from Ireland—where I know they would call this a good jest—and as joke is the leading feature of your country—I shall not on this occasion differ in opinion from from you—but Sir, the young woman you have ordered to be carried away, must be restored

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA. 19

restored—and I hope your future conduct won't make me repent of the desire I have to be your friend. [*Exit.*]

F I N A L E.

DARBY comes down.

*During the Finale Quiz and MABEL enters*

DAR. And is he gone? oh bug and bounds  
How near I was a thrashing;  
But here's your Uncle, Father Luke,  
In Berlip chaise came dashing.

CAP. S'death, perhaps, my Norah too,  
Wee're in a hopeful hoble;  
But I must to my Awl and end  
The matter up to cobble.

CAP. Disgrac'd, I cannot face my wife.

DAR. Who bid her now to come Sir?

CAP. And such a cause, then Father Luke,

DAR. My hand the priest I'll hum,

CAP. 'Till I'm restor'd, amuse 'em both;  
Again my friend, I'll rank ye;

DAR. I wonder how is little Quiz?

QUIZ. I'm pretty well, I thank ye.

My Mabel, by the God of war;

Is a celestial Houry;

As fine a bride as man can wish,

When here you down her dowry.

MAB. Like scissars hung in apron string,

Or dangled here a locket;

But touch my cash, and that, and you;

I'll put into my pocket.

CAP. Come, come, agree;

Like man and wife;

And very well you'll both do,

MAB. Ay by the god of war we will,

QUIZ. Already get my oath too,

DAR. Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy,  
Of spoufey, and her riches;  
This comfort still is your's my boy,  
She ne'er can wear the breeches.

Then let the chine and Turkey smoke,  
Good cheer o'erspread the table;  
The wedding, such a merry joke,  
Of little Quiz and Mabel.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT.

## A C T II

S C E N E *Mabel Flourishes.**Enter MABEL and OLMUTZ.*

MAB. Then it was you his Highness intended me for?

OLM. Yes, one of Darby's tricks—sent me after Flora—get her for officer.

MAB. Ay, Flora, and the poor girl is now in my room putting on a suit of officers clothes that I lent her, to elude the insults of the officers and soldiers, and vows she'll go thro' the world, till she finds her sweetheart Rupert—ay, Darby's a sad villain—to loose so fine a tall fellow for little Quiz.

OLM. Ay, to loose me for him—be revenged—come to my Centry-box—snug by ourselves—foot of Bridge.

MAB. Oh sic, Olmutz—but could I depend on your honor?

OLM. You may—some one coming—not seen together. [*Exit Mabel.*] Fine woman—make Quiz believe Darby made this match to cover his own designs on his wife.

*Enter RUPERT.*

RUP. Rascal—I am told you know where Flora is—that you have seized her—tell me of her this instant.

OLM. Darby did it, run off with her for his Captain—come this way—tell all I know—now I shall be revenged on Darby for loss of wife—make him ride big horse. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Discovers NORAH.**Two Chairs, a Dressing-Table.*

NORAH. Here I am at last in Silesia—and how my coming must surprize my dear Patrick—but the more unexpected the more welcome our meeting.

SONG

## S O N G.

Oh come my soldier meet my fight,  
 Full far I've come to thee ;  
 No foe now dares you to the fight,  
 But gentle love and me :  
 My soldier doats on fierce alarms,  
 Where foes in battle join ;  
 But when the trumpet sounds to arms,  
 Oh let him fly to mine.

In camps how rough by Mars array'd—  
 There fate attends his will,  
 At home you hear each tender maid,  
 Ah ! was he form'd to kill ;  
 In charms secure the fair advance,  
 And e're an arrow flies ;  
 He looks arround and at each glance,  
 A wounded maiden dies.  
 He looks around, &c.

LUKE. [*without*] Very well, honey, I see the door,  
 so perhaps I may find the room myself—you must know  
 that I am Father Luke of Carton, but I left it to follow  
 Pat because I found he was come to Silesia to have his  
 full swing among the girls.

*Enter QUIZ MABEL and FATHER LUKE.*

QUIZ. My dear I have got a most delicious cordial—  
 Darby gave it me.

MAB. Darby ! he's a pretty fellow—so keep your  
 mouth shut.

QUIZ. No, I'll open it once more.

LUKE. Is that your husband ?

QUIZ. Yes I am.

LUKE. Who married you ?

QUIZ. The Parson—but I'm obliged to Darby—  
 Darby help'd me to the match.

LUKE. Faith and he help'd you plentifully. But  
 d'ye hear—we would not have Captain Patrick know  
 of our arrival 'till we come smack upon him, so d'ye  
 hear

heat—have you never a snug bit of a room in a corner where you can put Norah?

MAB. O yes, there's my room, and a young woman in it already, that has been used ill by the soldiers.

QUIZ. Soldiers use women ill!—who's the man of the house?

LUKE. Ay, where's the man of the house?

QUIZ. If you can't see put on your spectacles.

LUKE. Faith and I must for you are small print.

QUIZ. Small print!

LUKE. Come Norah—in—in—Mabel my dear please to shew the way.

NOR. Oh sir, loose no time in finding out my husband—only think of my anxiety. *[Exit Mabel and Norah.]*

LUKE. Come here—what have you got in your square bottle?

QUIZ. 'Tis fine usquebaugh—

LUKE. Usquebaugh! Where did you get it—From Drogheda?

QUIZ. No, I had it from Darby.

LUKE. Then you had it from a wicked rogue, *[takes it from him]* arn't you ashamed to ask a clergyman to drink drams. 'Tis not good, nor it can't be good—*[pours out]*—nor it can't be wholesome *[drinks]* Now don't you be running your nose into every neighbours—both up and down the town, and bragging that you have got father Luke in your house.

QUIZ. No, my greatest pride is that I have got myself in the house. *[Bell rings loud]* Oh that dam'd bell—I'll have drums and drumsticks placed in every room in the house—I will by the god of war. *[Exit.]*

*[Takes a chair and sits down.]*

*Enter DARBY unperceived.*

LUKE. I fancy I shall soon get to the bottom of this,  
“For oh, it is heavenly liquor.” *[Sings.]*

DAR. “And as good for me as the vicar.” *[Sings.]*

LUKE. Now upon my soul this is very comical, for you left me counting my beads in Ireland, and here you find me conning my book in Silesia.

DAR. I think its my book you are conning, but if you

you please—I'll read a chapter now, for I suppose by this time you have it by heart.

LUKE. Oh Darby you are a wicked fellow, the last time I saw you was at Carton—to be sure you was in mighty haste with the constables at your heels—but I did not think that you had so long a journey to take.

DAR. Constables! Oh yes, very true—but I gave them the slip—I would not keep such fellows company.

LUKE. Ah Darby, you was always a very great scape-grace—a sad dog.

DAR. Oh now you talk about dogs, father Luke, pray did my little dog come back to the farm?

LUKE. Your Dog!

DAR. Ay, my Unicorn—we used to call him Unicorn you know, because he had but one ear—I had him from an attorney.

LUKE. Don't ask me about your dog, you stupid fellow—what's your dog to me?

DAR. Oh, he is not—now you'll hear.

### S O N G.

I'll sing you a song, faith I'm singing it now,

Here I don't mean to 'front either small or big,

Bow, wow;

Here the subject I've chosen, it is the Canine race,

To prove like us two-legg'd dogs they are a very fine  
race.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, lal, ad di, ad di,

Wow, Wow.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad dogs,  
As we won't drink water, some might think us mad  
dogs;

A courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog.

A soldier is a mastiff, a sailor is a bull dog.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, lal.

An old maid comes from church, the poor no lady  
kinder,

A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind  
her:

A poor

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA. 25

A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of good kicking,

But little Shock her lap dog, must have a roasted chicken,

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and brother,  
Grind and snort mighty gruff, and worry one another;  
Should they a bit of equity from Justice beg the loan  
of,

That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick  
the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

A poet's a lank grey-hound, for the public be-runs  
game down,

A critic is a cur, and strives to run his same down;  
And though he cannot follow where the noble sport  
invites him,

"He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites  
him.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

"You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed them  
you are able,

"Your dog for his morsel crouches under your table,

"Your friends turn tale in misfortune or disaster,

"But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his  
master.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

As your friends turn tail the moment that you need  
'em,

My dog ran away when no longer I could feed him;  
This cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my journey,  
And for a mouldy crust went back to the attorney.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

But where's your niece Norah—how does she—is she  
here father?

LUKE. Here! there's a question.—no I left her at  
Potsdam.

DAR

DAR. And I saw her not half an hour ago—but I'll be even with him. *[aside.]*

LUKE. But you sly rogue, how did you find me out—where's her husband—have you ever met him in your walks—Pat that runaway?

DAR. Ah father! I am very sorry to tell you such bad news, but poor Pat's dead.

LUKE. Dead!

DAR. Ay, sad intelligence for poor Norah.

LUKE. How did he die?

DAR. A pistol fever—a bullet did the business.

LUKE. A pistol!—when?

DAR. Last night—Oh you're come time enough to preach the funeral sermon.

LUKE. Oh, oh, where shall I find comfort—oh!

*[Fills the glass.]*

DAR. In the book.

LUKE. Oh dear—Pat dead—Norah—Norah!

DAR. Why do you think she can hear you at Potsdam?

LUKE. *[drinks]* Oh you harden'd soul you.

DAR. I'm sure you won't be harden'd while there's a drop to soften you.

LUKE. A drop!—oh you greedy creature take the whole bottle. Poor Pat!

## D U E T T.

LUKE. And oh is he gone, whirra strua poor Pat,  
So sorry, look here, I'm so sorry for that;

*[Darby shews the empty bottle.]*

My grief is so great not a tear can I cry;

DAR. And yet my good sir, you've a sup in your eye.

LUKE. Go go take your liquor away from me,

DAR. Oh, ho, does it give you such pain;

LUKE. And ne'er bring your usquebaugh bottle  
again to me,

DAR. No.

*[Speaks.]*

LUKE. No Darby, no, till you fill it again.

*[Exit Luke.]*

*Enter*

*Enter Quiz.*

QUIZ. Harkey, you—do you know that I am a descendant of the great Hercules Quiz?—and as my great ancestor strangled a serpent in the cradle; so did I when in mine, throttle a kitten—I was nurs'd in a mortar—have eat fire from a great gun—and made a cannon my flute, by blowing in at the touchhole.

DAR. Amazing!—What a great hero—I am thinking Quiz, that a wig-box will make an excellent cradle for your first child.

QUIZ. What do you mean by that sir?

DAR. Lord how big we are—now I'd as lief a man would smack my face as call me sir.

QUIZ. And I'd as soon do one as t'other if you'd give me occasion—I only want occasion to fight with you—I do by the god of war.

DAR. I should think a Prussian soldier would think rascal, sufficient occasion.

QUIZ. 'Tis by the god of war—where shall we meet?

DAR. By the new bridge—I'll borrow my master's pistols—do you bring your's, and then with our backs to the centry boxes we will thunder away.

QUIZ. We wil'—and Darby I'll blow your head over the bridge into the river, and save your dirty face a washing—I will by the god of war.

*[Exit Quiz and Darby.]*

*Enter FATHER LUKE and GREENBERGH.*

LUKE. And so you are father to this girl, you say.

GREEN. Yes, and she is engaged to one Rupert, a worthy fellow who loves her, and captain Patrick's taking her away just at the time when he's come home, involves us all in great trouble.

LUKE. Who told you so?

GREEN. Darby said that Olmutz took her for the officer.

D

LUKE.

LUKE. Oh that Darby, is a sad lying drunken fellow—she's safe enough—Norah bring the young woman to her father.

*Enter NORAH and FLORA from flat.*

*FLORA dress'd in breeches—blue regimentals.*

LUKE. Eh, what's the meaning of all this?—what have you been about there?—as I hope to live, you don't look like a christian young woman.

FLO. Do I look like a christian young man?—for that's what I want to look like.

GREEN. But what's the reason of this?

FLO. To shew you a woman can run all risques, where she truly loves.

GREEN. But why this metamorphoses?

FLO. I was not safe in the absence of Rupert—I have been insulted as a female—so assumed this habit—being well assured, that those who are so mean to insult a woman, will want the courage to attack a man.

NOR. True Flora.

### S O N G.

With your sex, my sweet Flora, your blushes forget,  
 Tho' coy, you're no longer, no longer a maid;  
 In your bright burnish'd gorget a brazen face set,  
 Be a ball hey allons, hey allons your parade.  
 In your nice chicken gloves as you gallantly stand,  
 While the fiddles for action prepare;  
 For the dear pas de deux give the word of command,  
 And gracefully foot to the fair.

At your mess when poor virtue in bumpers is drown'd,  
 Tho' the toast gives a zest to each glass;  
 When Bacchus the temple of folly has crown'd,  
 Be the god of your favourite lads:

Oh!

Oh! ne'er let her character die in a wink;  
E'en a chorus of laughter despise;  
Your goddess as pure as the wine that you drink,  
Let your fancy exalt to the skies.

[*Exeunt Norah, Flora and Greenbergh.*]

LUKE. So, they have had their jokes upon me; but I'll be even with Pat—for giving himself out for dead—faith I'll have a little bit of a joke with him.

*Enter PAT. and RUPERT.*

Arrah, and can you be Pat.—or are you his ghost? Now if you are dead, my dear boy, tell me so.

PAT. Dead! What can this mean?

LUKE. Faith Pat. it's well you are come, for we heard you was dead, and Norah has been looking out for another husband—Ay, and if you had staid half an hour longer, she'd have had one, and a smart fellow he is too—and then he's so attentive, leading her into the coach and out of the coach, at every place we stop'd at.

PAT. Dead! married in half an hour!

LUKE. Ay, certainly, you would not have her live unmarried. Now ar'nt you a pretty fellow—I have heard of all your campaigning after a gooseberry girl—the Marshal putting you under an arrest, and taking the cockade out of your hat.

PAT. Dear Sir, who told you this?

LUKE. Who? why who but your own man Darby, and to crown the whole, said that you had blown the roof off your head.

*Enter DARBY. Crosses to PAT.*

DAR. Master, lend me your pistols.

PAT. Yes, you rascal, you shall have them, with a brace of bullets thro' your head. [*Collars him.*] For all your lies—you told Father Luke, that I was running after every wench—you are the cause of all my disgrace by setting Olmutz after the flower girl.

DAR. I——

D 2

RUP.

RUP. Ay, Sir, what have you done with my Flora—  
—you are the villain that took my Flora from her  
father's house.

DAR. I—Oh dear, why did I sell my Farm?

*Enter FLORA from Flat.*

FLO. Hey what noise is all this—your making a  
disturbance in this chamber is what I don't understand  
—damn me.

DAR. No, what I don't understand—damn me.

*[Gets behind her.]*

RUP. *[To Darby.]* Pray where is Flora?

*[Draws his broad sword.]*

FLO. Oh, what my little strawberry girl—she's very  
fond of a me, a young fellow, tho' her father want's to  
give her to a swaggering puppy—one Rupert.

RUP. S'death take thy deserts.

*[Draws, Pat. parts them.]*

FLO. Oh, what, I suppose, this is Rupert.—Oh  
you may have her again now—I'll gladly resign her  
to you—I assure you I want to get rid of her—for my  
heart is entirely devoted to another.—This night,  
I take the lovely Norah to my arms.

PAT. You shall take this to your heart first.

*[Draws.]*

RUP. Nay, nay—have patience.

FLO. Oh let him alone—let me have fair play, and  
I shall be a match for both of you.

### T R I O.

FLO. The lovely fair within that room,  
My wife shall be;

CAP. And how, Sir, are you sure of that?

FLO. Oh she loves me.

CAP. S'death and hell, Sir, what d'ye say?

Quick, answer speedily;

RUP. What of my Flora, tell me first?

FLO. Oh she loves me,

RUP. She loves thee,

DAR. He loves she,

FLO.

FLO. And for her sweet sake,  
                   You Sir, or you I'll see.  
 DAR. To'em my little cock a nouns,  
                   Oh you're my Gramaghree;  
 CAP. What my love love thee!  
 FLO. Ay, thy love loves me,  
 DAR. Knock their heads together,  
 FLO. Have at you one to three,  
 DAR. Sir, leave me out a wicked rogue,  
                   Our little Gramaghree.  
 FLO. Fire or sword,  
                   When love's the word,  
                   Have at ye, one to three, &c.  
 CAP. Satisfaction you must give  
                   Most surely now to me, &c.  
 DAR. Oh what a tearing hero,  
                   What a tearing tearing hero  
                   At ye, one, two, three,  
                   Surely now to me,  
                   Little Gramaghree.

*[Exeunt all but Darby.]*

DAR. So I go on well here in the German wars—my kind countryman, Captain Patrick—buries his nuckles in my throat, and never thinks it will spoil my singing; another swings a scythe about my ears—and little Quiz threatens to blow my head over the bridge. Oh, to be sure, I'm not in a good thriving way—but I must contrive some method to frighten Quiz—for I must confess, I have no great inclination to have my head blown into the river—Oh dear, oh dear—I am like a blind fiddler, always in some scrape. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, *A Country Bridge, a Centry Box on each Side.*

*Enter Quiz.*

QUIZ. Darby is not come yet—I knew the fellow would be afraid to meet me—how I'll disgrace him in the camp—I'll switch him thro' the ranks with a whale

32 PATRICK IN PRUSSIA.

bone ramrod—Eh—no—this is he—he's plaguy punctual.

*Enter DARBY.*

DAR. Ay, there's the enemy.

QUIZ. Your mortal foe—I am by the god of war.

DAR. [*Beckons on a man with a sack, a Brace of blunderbusses, a pick-axe and spade.*] Put down the tools.

QUIZ. Tools!—Take your ground.

DAR. Don't be rash—in Ireland we always settle these sort of things very cool—now to fix the grand point. When people fight, as you and I do, without seconds, if one should be kill'd, as is always the case, that the conqueror may not fall a sacrifice to the law—we have two ways of disposing of the dead gentleman:—Now you may take which you please—one way is, we dig a hole on the spot, and cover him up, sweet and wholesome under the sod—this we call the Galway kick—but if he don't like that, the other is—we put him into a sack and tumble him into the river, this we call the Tipperary touch.

QUIZ. Tipperary touch—now damn me—if I'll have either a Galway kick or a Tipperary touch.

DAR. And now give me the blunderbuss—charged with razor blades. [*The man gives him a blunderbuss.*]

QUIZ. Razor blades—I won't fight by the god of war.

DAR. Not fight!

QUIZ. No.

DAR. Why then, let me tell you, that it is not handsome of you to disappoint me thus.

QUIZ. I don't care—I'll be as ugly as the devil—but I don't like to be put sweet and wholesome under the sod.—Oh, I'm glad there's some body coming.

DAR. Oh, this is the Priest, that I ordered to come and bury you like a Christian.

QUIZ. I don't care, I won't be buried like a Christian

*Enter FATHER LUKE.*

LUKE. Oh you wicked reprobate—not be buried like a christian!

QUIZ.

QUIZ. I won't, by the god of war.

LUKE. What is all this about?

QUIZ. What! why that wicked bloody ruffian has a design against the chastity of my virtuous wife—and when I call him out a-la-militare, he comes to cut, scarify and murder me with a brace of blunderbusses charged with Razor blades—he does by the god of war!

DAR. I a design!—'tis Olmutz has a design against your virtuous wife—and by her own appointment.—

QUIZ. No, he's my true friend.

DAR. Is he then—here goes at the centry box—I'll not bring my Razor blades for nothing.

*Enter OLMUTZ and MABEL screaming from the Centry-box.*

QUIZ. Hey!—now I see how it is by the god of war!

DAR. Here's your true friend, and virtuous wife.

QUIZ. Darby your hand—do you give Olmutz a Galway kick, and I'll give my wife a Tipperary touch.

OLM. Kick me!—Why I came to be your second.

QUIZ. Get out you rascal, or I'll shoot you, by the god of war!—Well and I suppose you came to be a second too.

MAB. No indeed husband I was here first.

LUKE. I dare be sworn you was—ay faith now, this is very conical—here comes Pat. and Rupert—and their wives as if they came by design.

*Enter PAT. and RUPERT on one side—NORAH and FLORA on the other.*

PAT. The young braggart—and with Norah in his hand—to come thus before my face—I can contain myself no longer—defend your worthless life.

*[Puts his hand to his sword.]*

FLO. No sir—I'll not fight—to you I resign her if she's willing.

NOR. Most willing—my dear Patrick!

FLO. And to you Rupert I resign myself—if Flora be worth accepting. *[Embraces—as do Pat. and Norah.]*

RUP. Worth accepting—most dear to me.

NOR. My dear Patrick why in amaze?

PAT. At this unexpected happiness, my lovely wife—but now we'll for England—and if Darby will, he

he shall attend us, where we'll return to the service of our gracious sovereign, whose life is a blessing to his people.

## F I N A L E.

CAP. Oh now let the drum  
Beat company come,  
And let the clarionets play;  
And oh little life  
Now whistle for life,  
While merry we foot it away.  
For fortune turns her wheel,  
And with us she'll dance a reel,  
The late whining fellow  
Now jovial and mellow,  
So jollity ring a peal.

QUIZ. As sure as a gun  
We'll shew you such fun,  
As never was seen before;  
Like officers swear  
And tatter and tear,  
And like a cannon we'll roar.  
Darby, did you call?

LUKE. You devils how loud you bawl,

QUIZ. To house, bed and table—of Quiz

MAB. And poor Mabel,

You're heartily welcome all.

Oh now let the drum, &c.

FLO. Oh maidens take care,

By example beware,

If ruin you'd wish to shun;

NOR. Nor trust to your charms

When once from your arms,

You suffer your spongy to run,

FLO. Like birds held in a string,

They'll hop about, then take wing,

NOR. From twig to bough flying

Your sobbing your crying.

Ne'er back can the wanton bring.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

LUKE

LUKE. A sad wicked place,  
A very sad case ;  
Here nothing I'll get to do,  
Child, put on your cap,  
And here is a slap,  
I'll marry that yonker and you.  
If you don't take't amiss, [To Mab.  
I'd like to bury poor Quiz ;  
Without any money,  
Your hand my dear honey, [To Quiz.  
So much I like your phiz.  
Oh, Now let the drum, &c.

DAN. And now, my friends may,  
Of your poor soldier say,  
A word in our Poet's behalf,  
Oh do not then try,  
To make the boy cry,  
Who so often has made you laugh.  
Success we cannot command,  
But let your merciful hand ;  
Now lend us a volley,  
And pardon his folly,  
For the honour of Old Ireland.  
Oh, now let the drum, &c.

F I N I S.



